Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choise agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whither I dislike or no.
Well, I doe commend her choyse, and will no longer
Have it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortunes to the good *Simonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I doe protest, my eares were never better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, you are Musickes Master.
Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing;
What doe you thinke of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most vertuous Princesse.
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Summer, wondrous faire.
King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And shee will be your Scholler, therefore looke to it.
Per. I am unworthy to be her Schoole-master.
King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.
Pe. What's heere a letter, that she loves the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtilty to have my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so hie, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Per. By the gods I have not; never did thought

Of

Of my levy offence; nor never did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her love,
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Traitor?
King. I, traitor.
Per. Even in his throate, unlesse it be a King,
That cals me traitor, I returne the lie.
King. Now by the gods I doe applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relisht of a base discent:
I came unto your Court for honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall proove, hee's honours enemie.
King. No? here comes my daughter, she can witnes

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire;
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my heart,
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections,
Upon a stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
As great in bloud as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistresse, either frame
Your will to mine; and you sir, heare you,
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you
Man and wife; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too: and being joynd,